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THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

PART I.

THE way of man is mechanical; the way of God is spiritual. The way of man is to stand outside and do things; the way of God is to brood within and make things do themselves. To them of old time was revealed a great truth which science could not discover, which to-day she sadly admits is beyond her ken: that man has a divine origin and an immortal nature. But the human record of that revelation is infantine in its simplicity. God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. That is the way a man would make man!

To the oldest world, for the consolation and succor of all the generations, came the assurance of final justice. Persecution, malice, misery reign in the life that now is. Justice is not secured, is at most only clutched at. But this life is merely a short stage. In the life to come, truth shall prevail and every man shall receive according to his works. In the strength of this promise, humanity has been able to support its accumulated woe.

But the men to whom this sufficient assurance was intrusted could not receive it without picturing in their imagination how it should be accomplished, could not imagine how it should be accomplished except in the human way. Man's way of securing justice is through visible machinery—lawyers, judge, audience, sheriff, scaffold. Immediately, the primeval man wraps his god-given idea in man-made garb, and the heavens pass away with a great noise, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the Lord Jesus appears in the skies with mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on the evil-doer. Thus would man conduct a world to justice.

But to this human way rise instantly human objections. What tribunal of eternity could confront the infinite trivialities of time? This would be to make eternal justice an eternal bore. All the court-room machinery is man's inevitable but clumsy device. The assizes of God are silent. His judgments execute themselves.

"His thunderbolts have eyes to see
Their way home to the mark."

There is no set time, no appointed place. His handwriting is on every wall. His day of judgment dawns with each sunrise; sometimes we see it, sometimes we are blind. For every man, his day of judgment comes when his vision is cleared to behold himself in the divine light. As we are social beings, to society must come also at some period his vindication or his inculcation.

Never has the divine method of administering justice been more signally illustrated than in the story of Thomas Carlyle. He began life and closed it with a remarkable absorption in himself. So powerful was his self-love that it embraced his family and conferred dignity and worth upon all who were of his blood; while most persons not akin to himself he despised and rejected. He believed his opinions so important as not only to warrant but demand for their promulgation a sacrifice of the amenities and obligations of life outside of his family circle. He fought a long and bitter fight, and he conquered. The world at first ignored him, then ridiculed him, finally yielded and took him at his own valuation. Long before his death he was the "Sage of Chelsea," and a prophet with great honor in his own country.

But God is the only public opinion. The day of judgment came; came to Carlyle before he had gone from the world; came to the world while yet his name was at its brightest. There was no court, no arena, no array of criminal or scenic display before men and angels. All through his life, unknown to himself, without sound of trumpet or scratch of pen or intent of heart, his history was writing itself, his condemnation was silently keeping pace with his sin. By his side moved always a slight figure, the figure of a woman whom he loved, despised, trampled upon, lamented with unavailing tears: a woman who loved him, revered him, immolated herself to him, recorded him. Nothing was further from her thought than to judge him; but through

her he is judged. The heart that held him highest brought him lowest.

Many have sought to break his fall—in vain. We may quarrel with Froude, but the question is not now Froude's day of judgment; it is Carlyle's. It is not a mere literary judgment that is to be passed. Carlyle is a prophet of life. He was a teacher of men. He believed himself Divinely commissioned. He proclaimed the gospel of common things. He enunciated principles for human practice. He launched invectives against stranger and friend for ignorance of what he knew, for indifference to what he preached. We have a right to judge him by his works. A singular, an appalling fate has given us such an opportunity to judge as the centuries seldom offer. We know the Carlyles as we know few of our neighbors. A ray of light has cloven their house in twain, and the world beholds a philosopher reviling his generation with his lips and despoiling his home with his life; nursing his own genius with unsparing vigor, repressing his wife's genius with unrelenting rigor. Regarding the movement of such a mind as Carlyle's, no incident is trivial. Few greater themes can engage human attention than the development of so extraordinary a nature. No floating moat in the sunbeam is too minute when the central figure is Carlyle's.

For our purposes, his story begins with a dainty, dancing child, sprung from a gentle family, of bright intelligence and sterling principle; growing to win all hearts, alert with the noblest ambition, instinct with the finest character. To this daughter of the gods came a son of the gods, superb and splendid. That he was worthy of her, he showed by his unflinching resolve to do without her. Yet how pitiful, how sordid was the barrier between them; how stupid the society that erected it! By the very simplicity and unconsciousness of his great nature, Edward Irving fell an easy prey to a vulgar family. When his sleeping heart thrilled with waking life under the penetrating brilliance of Jeannie Welsh, and all his being moved irresistibly to her, he suddenly found himself enmeshed in a wearisome but fatal entanglement which claimed to be an "engagement," which neither dared he break, nor did his true love permit him to break, since the miserable woman who had ensnared him held him. It is sixty years ago, and the heartache of it is as heavy and hopeless to-day as on the sad morning when he turned away from what seemed

to him paradise, because his love was in it, to die of his broken heart. Alas! that there was no one to speak with authority to these two young, loving, bewildered souls, and declare that there is no valid engagement but marriage. An "engagement" is made but to be sundered. Its very purpose is to be broken if need appear. An "engagement" is but a trial trip before setting out on the unreturning voyage. So far from being binding, it should yield to a word, to a wish, to a misgiving. Marriage alone is insoluble; and by as much as morality and religion, delicacy and decency, the stability and the dignity of human society declare that marriage should be insoluble, by so much should every arrangement that precedes marriage be as slight and soluble as the most timorous heart could demand.

No one could speak better than Jane Welsh herself spoke, but too late:

"A positive engagement to marry a certain person at a certain time I have always considered the most ridiculous thing on earth. It is either altogether useless or altogether miserable. If the parties continue faithfully attached to each other, it is a mere ceremony. If otherwise, it becomes a fetter, riveting them to wretchedness, and only to be broken with disgrace."

But the fetter was assumed which riveted two to wretchedness. Obedient to the coarse, commercial standard of his day and place, Edward Irving turned aside from the holy inward law of love, and perjured himself to a woman base enough to demand marriage in fulfillment of a contract. How deplorable the result, let his sad history tell. A man may heroically obey a false law, may tread with saintly feet the wrong path, but the true law is inexorable; the wrong path leads astray. Nature avenges herself. All their nobility, heroism, self-sacrifice did not avail to rescue two brilliant beings from the doom to which they condemned themselves by their sacrifice of the higher spiritual law to the lower contract law. When they stifled the divine illumination under the pall of conventionality, their day of judgment rose and rolled to the bitter end for both. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: in the day that thou eatest the forbidden fruit, thou shalt surely die.

While the maiden's heart was sore and sad for her lost love, and empty of hope, another man stood by her, strong if sardonic, somewhat surly and savage, yet responsive to her mood and subdued to her charms. His resplendent intellect

won her homage, his marked individuality piqued her somewhat flagging interest in life. He was intimately associated with the one man of all her many suitors whom she had loved; had, indeed, been brought to her by that man. She did not dream of marrying him. The idea, when it came, was promptly and decidedly, alas! not decisively, repelled. She admired the mind so much that she finally, in homage to it, accepted the man. She saw that he was misanthropic, impractical, incredibly snarling and cynical. But she thought she could mellow him with her sunshine, and that it would be a result worthy of her life. She did not know that the darkness rayed out from his own nature. She thought him great, which he was; generous, which he was not. She felt herself superior to him in birth and breeding, as she was. She felt him superior to herself in intelligence, which he was not. She believed him possessed of "all the qualities I deem essential in my husband—a warm, true heart to love me, a towering intellect to command me, and a spirit of fire to be the guiding-star of my life." She was not in love with him, but she believed she should love him. To the emptiness of her life a great work seemed to offer itself,—to foster a rare genius, to prepare the way of the Lord.

It was not an ignoble aim; and it rescues her good fame. In the light of their subsequent life, the story of their strange courtship is acutely painful. He was candid, but she could not understand. He did not try to deceive her. He did not deceive her more than he deceived himself. She was in her early twenties, with no experience of life but through the rosy mists of love. How could she know the coldness, the coarseness and crookedness, the hardness and blindness of the peasant nature in which that brilliant intellect was imbedded? She was all air and fire, yet with a firm touch upon the earth. There was fire in his heart, too; but it smoldered beneath the nether millstone, which only cracked and crumbled to the frosts of death. She took her measures wisely, poor, groping soul. She visited his family. They were of the rudest, while her own home had always been elegant, and her immediate family even distinguished. Indeed, so superior to his were her surroundings, that he says on his first visit: "I felt as one walking transiently in upper spheres, where I had little right even to make transit." She bore herself like an angel, and with her exquisite tact won the hearts of the little cottage, as she won hearts everywhere.

His father, mother, brothers, sisters she gathered into her sympathy, and paid to their sterling virtue the respect which soul should pay to soul.

And Carlyle himself bore well the test. As son and brother he was perfect. From his life's beginning to his life's close, nothing of affection or consideration or patience or help or sympathy was wanting to the simple and honorable family who loved him so loyally. Fractionous, sneering, unjust to the rest of the world, he saw and magnified all the good in his own family and excused all the defect; with pen and purse, with advice and consolation, with tokens of remembrance when absent, and talk and companionship when present, with unstinted praise for their well-doing and the gentlest chiding and tenderest allowance for their short-coming, he was never weary of cherishing his kin. Indeed, the heaviest proof against him in his day of judgment is his illimitable righteousness, his divine patience toward them. With what judgment shall he be judged, who showed so clear an instinct regarding the family in which he was born, so stupid a brutality to the family which he made?

Worst of all, out of his own mouth he is condemned. He cannot plead ignorance or blindness. He saw clearly and spoke wisely. He espoused truth with a loud voice and called heaven and earth to witness. If he had practiced his own precepts, his wife would have been the happiest of women; his home the light of the world. He preached an unalterable conviction that justice and truth form the only base on which successful conduct, either private or public, can be safely rested—and immediately based his whole married life on injustice and a forsworn promise. He told his friend that literature was the wine and not the food of life; that household and social duties and enjoyments were indispensable to its symmetrical development. How could this delicately reared girl foresee that he would toss them all aside? "Your mind and my own have in them many capabilities," he said; "but the first of all their duties is to provide for their own regulation and contentment." Could this petted child of adoring parents surmise that his idea of "regulation" was to sacrifice every other contentment to his own will and whim? "At times, I confess," he admits, "when I hear you speak of your gay cousins, and contrast, with their brilliant equipments, my own simple exterior and scanty prospects and humble but to me most dear and honorable-

minded kinsmen, whom I were the veriest dog if I cease to love and venerate and cherish for their true affection and the rugged sterling worth of their character,—when I think of all this, I could almost counsel you to cast me utterly away, and to connect yourself with one whose friends and station are more analogous to your own. But anon, in some moment of self-love, I say proudly there is a spirit in me which is worthy of this maiden, which shall be worthy of her. I will teach her, I will guide her, I will make her happy.”

Could she discard him after this so lofty and touching appeal? Could she dream that his way of teaching her would be surlily to forbid her to correct her friend’s proof because “you do not know bad grammar when you see it any better than she does, and if you had any faculty you might find better employment for it”; that his mode of guiding her would be to force her to degrade two days over the relining of his beastly, worn-out man’s-boots; that he would make her happy by calling out for her pet dog, who was far more solace to her than his master, “Has that vermin come home yet?”

“Let us try,” he said, “if by neglecting what is not important and striving with faithful and inseparable hearts after what is, we cannot rise above the miserable obstructions that beset us into regions of serene dignity, living as becomes us in the sight of God and all reasonable men, happier than millions of our brethren, and each acknowledging with fervent gratitude that to the other he and she owed all?”

Could a girl of four-and-twenty happy summers, blooming in the sunshine of parental love, by any possibility foresee that this man who proposed to lead her upward into regions of serene dignity by striving only for what was important, would make such a caterwauling over his food that every dinner threw her into a panic, though, after his grumbling had tormented her to death, he could declare, “for grace, salubrity, and ingenuity, I have never seen such human dinners”; that by way of neglecting what was important this lofty intellect would whip out his pocket-handkerchief and ostentatiously dust the furniture, though in the light of the eternity which had snatched her from him, he was forced to declare that no such house as hers—“for beautiful thrift, quiet, spontaneous, nay, as it were, unconscious minimum of money reconciled to human comfort and human dignity—have I anywhere looked upon.”

This man, who was to lead the woman to strive only for what was important, grew "ever more and more difficult to feed, and more and more impatient of the imperfections of human cooks and housewives. He was most especially aggravating under a change" of housemaids. It is not much that he speaks of them as "that horse," "that cow," "that moon-calf," which, as Mrs. Carlyle protested, was often an injustice to them. It was no wrong that each new-comer had to be taught how to cook Mr. C.'s things, "Mr. C.'s sort of soup, Mr. C.'s sort of puddings, cutlets, etc." This any wife should be glad to do for any tolerable husband, who did not even pretend to compass her serenity. What is unpardonable is that the eater of Mr. C.'s soup should have forced the teacher of Mr. C.'s soup-maker to go down three pairs of stairs into the kitchen. A man who is able to own three pairs of stairs can never be pardoned for setting his wife at the top, to run over them every time she speaks to her cook, while himself absorbs the convenient floors between.

"Need I remind your warm and generous heart that the love which will not make sacrifices to its object is no proper love? Alas, without deep sacrifices on both sides, the possibilities of our union is an empty dream. To me, I confess, the union with such a spirit as yours might be is worth all price but the sacrifice of those very principles which would enable one to deserve and enjoy it."

How could she infer that through a long life Carlyle would steadfastly refuse to sacrifice anything to her? Whenever he was hurt, he howled. Just so far as he could, he interposed his wife's person between himself and the hard knuckles of fate. The blows fell on her with unremitting severity and he never winced. Indeed, the hardest of them were dealt by himself. He, who found language too poor to portray the virtues of his own mother, criticised her mother with a brutal frankness to which no mentioned trait of her in all these volumes lends necessity. As she appears even through his captious lens, she was graceful, vivacious, tender, wise,—worthy mother of her daughter. But "what," said Carlyle, coarsely, "is this caprice and sullessness in your mother but unhappiness in herself—an effort to increase her own scanty stock of satisfaction at your expense; or rather, to shift a portion of her own sufferings upon you?" And this was said of a mother whose whole life was a long hymn

of love to her daughter, and said because she could not approve and, in all persuasive ways, opposed the marriage of that daughter to a man whose steady habit for forty years proved to be the shifting of his sufferings upon his wife!

Not content with maligning her to her daughter, he allowed his insensibility to becloud his veracity, and implicated her relations with her dead husband, whom he never knew, and of which he had not the shadow of a right to speak. With the same child-like bluntness he writes to his wife: "The Chancellor is a very particularly ignoble-looking man—a face not unlike your Uncle Robert's." It was not malice apparently, but an absolute lack of sensitiveness toward his wife. Toward his father's family he was as full of tact and tenderness as the most loving heart could ask. They were a part of himself.

It has been Carlyle's great pretense and great praise that he hated shams, but no greater sham than he ever resounded through the world. The only palliation is that he was a sham to himself. He thought he was content with his peasant birth; and in reality his lowly origin was ever before him. He was a noble snob, but he was a snob of snobs. He honored his father and mother, but with a verbal and voluble honor which told how deep and abiding was his sense of their lowliness. Again and again he declared that, if he could have his choice of a mother out of the whole world, he would choose his own. But that ought to go without saying. He would not exchange his own for any ten mothers. Who would? He would not exchange his father for any king known to him. Proof? He proclaimed himself content to be unmoneyed, unpraised; to go gladly without the world's breath or the world's pudding, but never a man sucked harder for the one or stirred harder for the other, or roared louder at not being able to get them.

Mr. Froude shares Carlyle's deception. He admits his irritability, violence, selfishness; but signalizes his sacrifice of everything to his high mission. If honor was to come to him, says Mr. Froude, it must come unsought. On the contrary, he sacrificed nothing. He took all he could get, and was wroth with the friends who would not give him more. He sought honors just as other men seek them, and emoluments in ways that most men with a man's blood in their hearts would scorn. He took active steps to be appointed professor in the London University. He exerted himself to the utmost to be made successor of Doctor

Chalmers in the St. Andrew's University; and in a gush of gratitude at Jeffrey's attempts to help him, calls him the dear little duke—"the most sparkling, pleasant little fellow I ever saw in my life." But when Jeffrey refused to recommend him for an appointment: "Our relation is done, all but the outward shell of it." When he learned that a new astronomy professorship was to be established in Edinburgh, he hastened to seek it, and never forgave Jeffrey for not furthering him, although Jeffrey told him, in the highest style of civil service reform, that the appointment was entirely out of his own sphere; that the candidate would be appointed on his own merits; that no testimonial would be looked at, except from persons of weight in that branch of science, like Herschel and Babbage, without the least regard to unprofessional advisers. But Carlyle resented his failure to obtain this position with as much force and fervor as if he had been a machine politician, instead of a lofty and lordly philosopher, surveying with undisguised scorn the "entirely shallow, barren, unfruitful, and trivial," the "putrid, scandalous, decadent, hypocritical" society around him.

Froude himself, admitting that it is difficult to see by what reasons any conceivable body of men would have, at that time, been justified in preferring Carlyle, still professes doubt of Jeffrey's sincerity in pretending to fear that Carlyle could not handle delicate instruments without injuring them; but the most delicate instrument that can be intrusted to human hands, Jeffrey had seen Carlyle entreat with a roughness that was destruction. This he had vainly tried to rescue from his ruthlessness. It was but a slight revenge to keep the other from him; but he may well have taken an inward joy in the withholding.

"No man will give me money for my work," complains Carlyle. "If they pay me rightly, they shall have a paper or two; if not, not. Letter from Mill about a Radical review, in which my coöperation is requested; shall be ready to give it, if they have any payment to offer." This is not ignoble. But it is not noble. It is the same trait in Carlyle that it is in Tom, Dick, and Harry, who will never be mentioned as martyrs and never think of themselves as heroes. His own distinction was the correct one. He wrote to express his opinions. He published for money. For this he deserves neither credit nor discredit, any more than the singer or the shoemaker who lives by his calling.

Carlyle was willing, was greedy, to accept luxury on terms which a man should disdain. When Mrs. Welsh, unable to prevent her daughter's ill-omened marriage, and almost equally unable to live without her only child, besought Carlyle to occupy her house, he refused, unfeelingly, contemptuously. Two households could not go on together, he said. He must be master of his own house. But he was not in the least proposing to be master of his own house. He was not proposing to have a house. He was proposing to take his wife out of her luxurious home to his father's peasant cabin, and would have done it, had not his father, wiser than himself, forbidden; though, after his wife's death, he calmly recollects that even his visits to his mother, once a year, were "unpleasantly chaotic" and "comprised for both of us (his wife and himself), in respect to outward physical hardship, an amount larger than all the other items of our then life put together." Two households could go on together, it seems, if both were under his harrow. But when Mrs. Welsh, finding her loneliness intolerable, left her home, Carlyle could hardly be kept away. He would not live in it with her, but he saw no indecency in turning her out of it and living there himself.

After his wife was dead, Carlyle could find no peace except in writing to the world that her bright, ever-cheering presence in his home was literally the only cheering element there was. But the world has merely a secondary interest in his opinion. To one it was the life of life. Yet to that one he could so bear himself as to extort from her bright and laughter-loving soul the pathetic cry, "to see you constantly discontented and as much so with me, apparently, as with all other things, when I have neither the strength and spirits to bear up against your discontent, nor the obtuseness to be indifferent to it—that has done me more harm than you have the least notion of. You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead, since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly; that one was taken 'for better,' not by any means 'for worse'; and, in fact, that the only feasible and dignified thing that remains for one to do is to just die, and be done with it."

Can art devise a more pathetic picture than poor Carlyle sitting in his darkened house, alone in the terrible awakening of

his Day of Judgment, reading these letters by the new revealing light, and smiting his breast before all the world with his useless "Alas! alas! sinner that I am!"

The Craigenputtoch episode is the type of the life and the character of these two human and inhuman beings. Craigenputtoch belonged to Jenny Welsh. Carlyle, with his marvelous willingness to profit by Mrs. Welsh's wealth, cast his longing eyes upon it. Jenny Welsh assured him he could not exist there a twelvemonth, and that for her part she could not spend a month there with an angel. But eighteen months after their marriage he took her thither, and there she spent seven years with as strong a possession of the devil as is often found in humanity. I speak not unadvisedly. Froude, his admirer and intimate friend, says that "if matters were well with himself, it never occurred to him that they could be going ill with any one else; and, on the other hand, if he was uncomfortable, he required every one to be uncomfortable along with him." This is the incarnation of selfishness, which is devil enough for this world.

Jeffrey remonstrated. He was in despair that the lovely, delicate woman should be snatched from the cheerful and distinguished society which she attracted in London, to be devoured by her dragon in the sour solitudes of Scotland. Nothing had changed. She was not less gay and social. Carlyle was not less contemptuous and dyspeptic. But to the Craig he would go, and then the thing happened which Jeannie Welsh had predicted—disgust. Aleck found the farm ruinous, and went away after four years' trial; but Carlyle had not been there four months before it became to him "this Devil's Den." His wife lost her health and her spirits, but that he never knew. "Jane is far heartier, now that she has got to work," says the unregenerate and indescribable peasant; but Froude, impartial as fate, says, "A mistake on Carlyle's part. Mrs. Carlyle had not strength for household work; she did it, but it permanently broke down her health."

"Jane is in a weakly state still," writes to John Carlyle this ogre, whose ogreness is sometimes fairly comical in its unconsciousness. "Her life beside me, constantly writing here, is but a dull one; however, she seems to desire no other. . . . I tell her many times there is much for her to do, if she were trained to it; her whole sex to deliver from the bondage of frivolity, doll-hood, and imbecility, into the freedom of valor and womanhood."

A pertinent suggestion to make to a woman who was wearing her life out on a desolate hill-top, milking the cows, and scouring the floors of a man who seldom spoke to her and left not a soul for her to speak to within fifteen miles.

But when the solitude begins to pall upon himself, he grows more appreciative. He even becomes a little softened and subdued by the appalling failure of the Craig plan, which he had pursued with such headlong stubbornness. His letters to his wife, when seeking to find some path away from his Hill Difficulty, are tender and appealing. Jeffrey was thoroughly angry with him for his willfulness and selfishness, and he turned to Jeannie with desperate need, though with grotesque comfort: "Let us not, dear Jeannie, complain of solitude. I have still you, with really a priceless talent for silence!" The one thing which Jeannie loved was good, exciting talk.

"Yes, Jeannie, though I have brought you into rough, rugged conditions, I feel that I have saved you. As Gigmaness you could not have lived; as woman and wife you need but to see your duties in order to do them." Welcome words from a man who saw his duties with preternatural clearness, only to kick them instantly, violently, vociferously out of his path.

"Do thou help me, my little woman; thou art worthy of that destiny." Is it any wonder that Jeffrey lashed the overweening self-conceit which appointed its owner the elect of Heaven and reckoned any menial service done to himself as an errand of the Almighty.

But presently Carlyle began to discover that "a little talk were wholesome for *me*!" "But it is not to be had," he sighs, "and one can do without it. My Janekin, if not a great speaker, is the best of listeners." And a very good reason for it Froude gives—that Carlyle was intolerable when he was contradicted. Janekin was wise to let him have the talk to himself, though she, too, was a brilliant talker.

Very soon, even this modified resignation broke out into open rebellion.

"I must to Edinburgh in winter; the solitude here, generally very irksome, is threatening to get injurious, to get intolerable.

"Craigenputtoch cannot forever be my place of abode; it is at present and actually one of the worst abodes for me in the whole wide world.

"The time for returning to Puttoch will too soon be here. I have not abated in my dislike for that residence, in my conviction that it is no longer good for me. Of solitude I have really had enough."

But poor Jeannie had long been desperately sick and disheartened without attracting the smallest help from Carlyle. As fast as the solitude became irksome his views of duty became clear.

"Quarrel not with deliberate feeling that this wilderness is no wholesome abode for me; that it is my duty to strive, with all industry, energy, and cheerful determination, to change it for one less solitary."

Presently, duty was merged into desperation.

"Nothing but the wretchedest, forsaken, discontented existence here, where almost your whole energy is spent in keeping yourself from flying out into exasperation. Why not bolt out of all these sooty despicabilities and lying draggle-tails of byre-women and peat-moss and isolation and confusion and go at once to London? Yes, we must try it. Life here is but a kind of life in death, or rather one might say, a not being born; one sits as in the belly of some Trojan horse, weather-screened, but pining, inactive, neck and heels crushed together. Let us burst it in the name of God!"

He had forgotten that when he was—is it too colloquial? it is certainly not too strong, and it certainly is Carlylesque, to say—hell-bent on going to the Craig. He had written, persuading his wife:

"Oh! Jeannie, how happy shall we be in this Craig o' Putta. We shall sit under our bramble and our saugh-tree, and none to make us afraid; and my little wife will be there forever beside me, and I shall be well and blessed, and the 'latter end of that man will be better than the beginning.'"

And so this great genius, after seven years of failure and exasperation and the ruin of his wife's health and spirits, had labored along to the same conclusion at which his wife, with all the frivolity, dollhood, and imbecility of her sex, had arrived in one moment. But he had had his way. He had carried out his great governing principle, his "eternal axiom, the law of nature, which no mortal departs from unpunished—that the man should bear rule in the house, and not the woman." If he could have seen himself as he was, he would have seen this native sovereign, man, descending the Craig of Putta in a much more draggle-tail suit than the byre-women from whom he fled.

It seems incredible, yet signs are not wanting that Carlyle was unconsciously jealous of the superior social position of his wife, and was resolved to reduce her to the level of his mother and sisters. He made her bake and sweep and scrub, like any

byre-woman of them all, till he could announce that "Jane is almost stronger in anti-fine-ladyism than myself"; but when a fine lady who was not his wife came by and beckoned to him, he left wife and work to follow her without betraying the smallest symptom of "anti-fine-ladyism."

When Jeffrey had tried to lighten the poor wife's burden by securing a place for John Carlyle with a fine Lady Clare, Carlyle was pleased to write:

"I must also esteem it no small felicity you naturally have: that of associating with a thoroughly courteous, society-cultivated woman. No higher piece of art is there in the world. The weak, lovely one will be loved, honored, and protected. Is not, in truth, a noble woman (noblewoman or not) worth reverencing?"

Just such a piece of high art, just such a weak, lovely one, just such a courteous and society-cultivated woman was associated with Thomas Carlyle, and he had loved, honored, protected, and revered her with his old boots, with his acrid ails, with his violent words and vicious temper and long neglect, till heart and hope died out of her. "Of course, I am sad at times, at all times sad as death, but that I am used to, and don't mind."

Did he give no heed to the words? Did no wonder haunt him as to the process which had rendered the radiant, high-hearted girl "at all times sad as death"? He gives no sign. He had degraded a bright spirit to base uses, and he did not know it. She recognized while accepting her fate. "You may be better without me," she wrote him, "so far as my company goes. I make myself no illusions on that head; my company, I know, is generally worse than none; and you cannot suffer more from the fact than I do from the consciousness of it. God knows how gladly I would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted for your single sake, if my temper were not soured and my heart saddened beyond my own power to mend them." Could a man with a heart in his bosom fail to give some tender, re-assuring words to such a pitiful appeal? Carlyle did so fail.

"The comfort," she writes in her next letter, "is the greatest part of the grievance for my irrational mind. I am not consoled but aggravated by reflecting that, in point of fact, you will prefer finding 'perfect solitude' in your own house, and that if I were to do as nature prompts me to do, and start off home by the next train, I should take more from your comfort on one side

than I should add to it on another." And he did not contradict her!

His intense selfishness Mrs. Carlyle, in true wifely fashion, tried to generalize, and so ward off from him individual condemnation. "Mr. Carlyle, being a man, cannot understand to exact the least bit less attendance, when we are reduced to one servant again, than he had accustomed himself to exact from the two. So I have all the valeting, and needle-womaning, and running up and down to the study for books, etc., to do myself." But it was not his gender that made him use his wife for a beast of burden. It was his own specific and gigantic selfishness.

To his genius chiefly his wife was, by good fortune, able to lay his appalling sins. Her beast was a lion, king of beasts, and by that token she was able to bear and upbear his beastliness. She mentions his enormous domestic crimes with a frankness which could not otherwise have existed. Her pride recounts what any other pride would have hidden. "When one has married a man of genius, one must take the consequences," was her prevailing plea. "My man of genius," was her constant characterization. But Carlyle himself had set up another standard wherewithal he should be judged in his Day of Judgment. "What is genius," he had written to Miss Welsh, "but the last perfection of true manhood—the pure reflection of a spirit in union with itself, discharging all common duties with more than common excellence?" Let us set our minds and habitudes in order, and grow under the peaceful sunshine of nature, that whatever fruit or flowers have been misplanted in our spirits may ripen wholesomely and be distributed in due season. And in pursuance of this principle he had neglected every common duty, had defied every common obligation, had imposed them all upon his wife, had stamped down every flower and fruit of her gentle nature, and demanded of her the service and forced upon her the position of a household drudge.

It is idle to plead that Mrs. Carlyle was too like her husband; that she irritated him with domestic details; that she was over-jealous, capricious, hysterical, petty. They understand neither the human heart nor the English language, who say it. It is not a question of opinion, but of fact. The records of her life disprove the charge. She was strong, discerning, positive, effective, as well as poetic and affectionate. In her head was thought, in her eyes was sight, in her mind was judgment, from her lips

flashed wit. All her ways were winsome. She was a beauty and a belle. Was it not of her that Leigh Hunt wrote?

“Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm lonely, dull, but add
Jenny kissed me.”

Poets do not write such verses of a mere drudge. Tennyson would not come from afar to have a long, quiet chat with a dull woman; although it is in exact accordance with the way of the world that Carlyle's big brutish brother should roll in from his kitchen pipe to babble, and another friendly bore should maunder in the parlor, and the two together stay out Tennyson, while the two who wanted to see each other and nobody else “got scarcely any speech” together. Darwin frequented her house, drove her about with mock submission, admired her achievements with the needle and satirized her husband's indifference to it. Brewster and De Quincey and Sir William Hamilton frequented her, won by the peculiar personal grace which was her inalienable charm. Mazzini confided in her. Cavaignac ate her hash and claimed her for a French woman. Jeffrey was fascinated. Few passages in the life of men have more vital interest than the ardent friendship of Lord Jeffrey for Mrs. Carlyle, and never a man appeared in a more amiable and honorable light. He admired her intelligence; he yielded to her womanliness; he was appalled, enraged by her situation. The passion of a lover, the compassion of a father, met in the affection which at once delighted and embittered him. It is not to Carlyle's credit that he never shows the slightest uneasiness at Jeffrey's attitude toward his wife. It was not the nobility of trust but the stolidity of indifference. His own insensibility regarding her was attended by an utter insensibility to the feelings of other men regarding her. He seems to have had no curiosity, even, about her inward life. Her relation with Edward Irving made no more impression upon him than the ogling of a turtle-dove. Most men would have raved at Jeffrey's interference, but Carlyle did not heed it. Jeffrey's bearing and course show forever how blameless and pure may be the friendship of a

high-minded man for a high-minded woman. Never was there the smallest occasion for vulgar jealousy ; but if Carlyle had been a man, instead of a stone, he would have died of despair at seeing how differently from a stone a man bears himself toward a woman. Being a stone, he never saw that Jeffrey was a man. The man resented with keen but impotent bitterness Carlyle's insensibility to the jewel he wore in his breast. He implored Carlyle to be good to his wife ! "Take care," he wrote, "of the fair creature who has trusted herself so entirely to you,—whose great heart and willing martyrdom will make the sacrifice more agonizing in the end." A dull resentment does seem to have awakened sluggishly in Carlyle's mind toward Jeffrey, but it was rather because Jeffrey did not sufficiently advance his fortunes than because Jeffrey loved his wife. Nothing can exceed the patience and delicacy with which Jeffrey strove to assist Carlyle—even with money, when all else failed. It was noble in Carlyle to refuse Jeffrey's money, but he did not refuse it nobly. Jeffrey never appeared better or Carlyle worse than in this transaction. There is no mistake. We have the written words of both, which show Jeffrey therein to be of heaven and Carlyle earthborn. Carlyle came to look upon Jeffrey with scant respect ; but Jeffrey was indisputably, so far as appears in these books, the greater man. Carlyle complained that Jeffrey intellectually considered the great business of a man to be happy. But this was a better theory than Carlyle's, who considered the great business of a man to be miserable. Jeffrey never took half the pains to be happy that Carlyle took to be wretched. Jeffrey never sacrificed to innocent pleasure a tithe of what Carlyle sacrificed to wicked, because needless, pain. Carlyle consoled and cajoled himself with thinking that "Jeffrey dwells in the glitter of saloon chandeliers, walking in the vain show of parliamenting and gigmanity, which, also, he feels to be vain ; we, in the whirlwind and wild-piping battle of fate, which, nevertheless, by God's grace, we feel to be not vain and a show, but true and a reality." But the whirlwind and the piping were Carlyle's own breath, which he mistook for the voice of God, who, as of old, was not in the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire,—which Carlyle was forever stirring up,—but in the still, small voice of Jeffrey's gentle sympathy and succor. And when Carlyle had tooted himself out of breath on the top of Craigenputtoch, he was as eager to come down into the glitter of saloon chandeliers

as fashion's giddiest devotee. Even while he complained, he knew that his complaint was groundless. "I have heard Jeffrey say," he continues, "'If folly were the happiest, I would be a fool.' Yet his daily life belies this doctrine, and says, 'Though goodness were the most wretched, I would be good.'" It is an exact type of the two men. Carlyle himself, when laying down principles for other men's guidance, admits it by crying out against "the everlasting clatter about virtue! virtue! In the devil's name, be virtuous, and no more about it!" But, practically, his virtue was all clatter. While he was vociferating his own superiority to the clownish herd, Jeffrey was silently practicing, and thereby proving, his own superiority to Carlyle. Carlyle clanged to the astonished heavens the dominant claims of the nearest duty, while his home resounded with the tramp of his iron heel upon all duty whatever. Jeffrey professed only a somewhat passive acceptance of things as he found them, but lavished his talents and his time, his patience and his genius upon the effort to make them better. Carlyle left his wife to fight alone the Amalekites, and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, while he stood on Pisgah and shrieked so shrilly about the promised land that one would choose to go back to Egypt rather than advance under such ululation. Jeffrey took the forlorn and deserted pilgrim by the hand and led her tenderly toward the green pastures and the still waters which he discerned as clearly as Carlyle, and to which he far better knew the way. If life is more than meat, and the body than raiment; if to be is better than to talk; if it is higher work to sculpture a symmetrical soul than to write a sensational book,—then Jeffrey is the greater man; and the woman whom such men so loved was a great woman.

GAIL HAMILTON.